

The Mirror

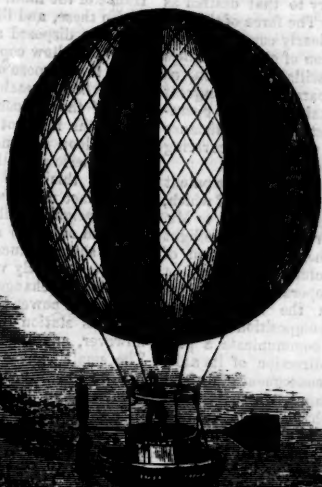
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LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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MR. GREEN'S INTENDED AERIAL VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

It having been generally promulgated in the public papers, that Mr. Green entertained the most sanguine hopes of accomplishing an aerial voyage across the Atlantic, from the American to the European continent; and in order also to convince the scientific public, by means of his improvements in the art, of the practicability of his propelling or directing a balloon, causing it to ascend or descend without discharging either gas or ballast, and in a tranquil atmosphere, to move horizontally in any direction; has commenced giving a series of important experiments at the Polytechnic Institution, which create a great sensation; we in consequence waited on the intrepid aeronaut, who, with his usual urbanity and kindness, furnished us with every information on the subject, from his own private notes and models.

The machinery made use of by Mr. Green, has the advantage of being both simple and

effectual. It consists of two propellers, attached to a spindle; a rudder; guide-line, and appendages.

The operation of the propellers in effecting the position or course of the balloon may be regarded under two aspects, differing from each other principally in the amount of force which they are called upon to exert; namely, as instruments of propulsion, to direct or control the horizontal course of the balloon, and as a means of retarding or accelerating its vertical motions, and thus depressing or elevating its position in the body of the atmosphere. Under the former aspect (which is that hitherto alone regarded by those who have devoted their attention to the guidance of the balloon) the principal advantages which this mode of operating appear to present, are, first—the great facility with which the motive power can be applied; secondly—the great sim-

plicity of the motion, which is the result of its operation; and, thirdly—the entire avoidance of any unnecessary opposition or resistance to the progress of the machine under its influence, by the nature of the movement involved; there being, in no part of the revolution any motion effected, which is contrary to that desired as the result of the whole. The force of this observation will be more clearly comprehended, if we refer to the operation of other machines acting by rotatory or oscillatory motion, as for instance, paddles or oars, in which a great part of the advantage obtained by their operation is neutralised or lost, by the resistance necessarily occasioned in the act of recovering their position to commence anew.

Taken in a general point of view, the patent propeller (for the original application of which, to nautical machines, we are indebted to Mr. J. J. O. Taylor) may be regarded in the light of a large screw, or, rather, of a fraction of a screw, by the rapid revolution of which, in a manner analogous to its operation in solids, it creates a resistance in the medium, the result of which, (by the composition and resolution of forces,) is to communicate a progressive motion in the direction of its axis. The degree of force will, consequently, depend upon the degree of resistance, which is again dependent upon the size, shape, and inclination of the vanes, and the rapidity of their motion.

In Mr. Green's model balloon, (an exact representation of which is here prefixed,) these conditions have been particularly regarded, and the form adopted, which calculation and experiment have shown to be the best for the purpose. In order to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion on this point, it may be observed, Mr. Green has tried almost every possible variety of form, with the same motive power, the result of which is, the recurrence to the present shape, which it is interesting only to observe, is the same as that adopted by Mr. Taylor, for the propulsion of ships at sea.

Effect of the Propeller upon the horizontal Progress of the Balloon.

By inverting the position of the propeller, it is clear that a similar force will be generated in a direction perpendicular to the surface of the earth, the result of which is to elevate or depress the balloon, according to the direction in which it is turned.

On the important Uses of the Guide-Rope.

Mr. Green, in a communication to the Editor of the *Polytechnic Journal*, p. 75, [Jan. 1840], thus dilates on the importance of the Guide-rope.—“Across the hoop, to which, most readers know, the netting, that covers the balloon above, and the car underneath, are made fast, I have extended a cylinder or windlass, over which, and through a pulley likewise attached to the hoop at right angles to the windlass, passes a rope of sufficient strength, about two thousand feet in length, and being made fast, at one extremity, remains suspended in the air to the extent at the time required. To

the lower extremity of this rope, are fastened, at certain intervals, a number of small stout waterproof canvas bags, the apertures of which are kept open by means of small rings of suitable material, in such a manner, as when drawn through the water, to admit the entrance of the fluid, but oppose its return. Between these, and likewise at stated distances, are also disposed a number of small conical floats of hollow copper, which are intended to serve the purpose of supporting the length of rope, when it reaches the sea by the depression of the balloon. The operation of this apparatus it is not difficult to perceive. As the balloon descends, under the influence of atmospheric and other causes, the lower portion of this rope becomes deposited upon the surface of the sea, lightening the balloon of its weight, until a sufficiency has been so disposed of, as to arrest her further descent, when she continues her course at the same, or a very slightly varying elevation, until she acquires, by change of temperature, sufficient increase of power to enable her to recover her previous station in the skies. At this point, however, another force comes into operation. The small canvas vessels which, when the balloon began to sink, were empty, have now become filled, and being so much additional weight effectually prevent her, and oblige her to continue her course, even with her whole original power, at an altitude little removed from that to which at the lowest, she was confined. How long she would remain in this condition, would, of course, depend upon her own perfection: with such a balloon as I should construct for the occasion, I have no doubt that her elevation might be maintained for a period of three months, should circumstances occur to require it.”

Mr. Monck Mason, in his interesting narrative of the celebrated aerial voyage to Wellburg, also makes the following remarks on the Guide-rope. “The progress,” says he, “being delayed to a certain extent by its motion over the more solid plane of the earth's surface, while the movement of the balloon is as freely as ever controlled by the propelling action of the wind, it is evident that the direction of the latter when in progress, must ever be in advance of the former; a comparison therefore of the relative position of these two objects by means of the compass, must at all times indicate the exact direction of her course; while with equal certainty, an estimate can at once be obtained of the velocity with which she is proceeding, by observing the angle formed by the guide-rope and the vertical axis of the machine. In proportion as this angle enlarges, an increase in the rate of the balloon may be infallibly inferred; and vice versa, its diminution will be found to correspond exactly with the diminished velocity of her advance. When the rope is dependent perpendicularly, no angle, of course, is formed, and the machine may be considered as perfectly stationary, or at least endowed with a rate of motion, too

insignificant to be either appreciable or important."

Effect upon the Vertical Course of the Balloon.

The objects which Mr. Green proposes to himself, in the adaptation of this machine to the purposes of practical aerostation, are, of course, of a similar nature to those developed here, and the advantages to which he conceives it might be made to contribute, are various, and in proportion to the effect produced, important. It will be needless to enlarge upon the various occasions, in which it would be important to be able to control, even in a slight degree, the course of the balloon, in regulating the place of the descent. For instance, by enabling the aeronaut to avoid situations where he might inflict damage upon others, as in the case of standing crops, gardens, &c.; or suffer the same himself, either in his person or his balloon, as would evidently be the case if he were to alight in mountainous, woody, or over-populous districts, these propellers might be made to prove of considerable service. In very calm weather, the aeronaut is often compelled to descend, in or near the place of his ascent, as exemplified by Mrs. Graham, in her descent in Marylebone-lane; a circumstance which the employment of the propellers would have enabled her to avoid.

As a means of controlling the ascent or descent of the balloon, likewise, the greatest advantages might be made to attend the employment of these propellers under judicious management, by enabling the aeronaut to counteract, in a great degree, the variations which are constantly taking place in the equilibrium of the machine under the various influences to which it is exposed. These, proceeding from changes of temperature, deposits of moisture, the interposition of clouds, or other temporary causes, as well as the loss of power by the escape or waste of gas, and the contrary excess of power, by the loss of ballast, and the effects of which can in many cases be anticipated by the judgment or experience of the aeronaut, the employment of the propellers will, in many instances, enable him to neutralise. In operating his descent, in foggy or cloudy weather particularly, this instrument might prove of inestimable value, as in such cases it frequently happens that all view of the earth is excluded from the aeronaut until too late to interrupt his descent, and he is, consequently, either forced to alight in situations which he would gladly have avoided, or else is obliged to discharge in haste large quantities of ballast, which he, perhaps, may not have to spare, and which, at all events, have the effect of making him ascend again with great rapidity, to a considerable height, and, after all, leaving him, on his return, in the same predicament as before; from all of which, the propellers, by enabling the aeronaut to regulate the descent of the balloon, would to a great extent secure him.

TWO DAYS AMONG THE RUINS OF KENILWORTH CASTLE.

SECOND DAY.

TWENTY years had nearly melted away, since the date of the fatal occurrence, related in the first part of this tale. A new generation had sprung up, who read the enchanting story of the "Great Wizard," with as much delight as it had been read by their parents; and new parties of pleasure continued to be formed, as heretofore, to visit the far-famed Castle of Kenilworth. It was also my lot, once more to visit a scene which conjured up a strange mixture of painful and pleasurable feelings. On referring to the tablets of my memory, to recal the few hours of unbounded happiness which I had enjoyed there, I also found engraved, in indelible characters, many a "To the memory of" some dear and affectionate friend who had then shared the pleasure, but over whose grave the turf now laid as smooth, and the grass grew as green as on the sloping terraces of Kenilworth, when passed on that occasion, in the giddy dance, by the tiny and delicate feet which were wont to excite exquisite emotions, and who, though long mingled with the kindred dust, still lived in the memories of those whose hearts were wont to beat quick at their approach. Twenty years! what changes come over the feelings in that comparatively brief space of time! The airy buoyancy of youth gradually subsides, and mature reason exercises undivided influence over our thoughts and actions. We examine men and things with greater caution, divesting them of any meretricious glare, by which they may happen to be surrounded, before we pronounce judgment. Our hopes are no longer founded on the impulses of a sanguine temperament, but on a cool calculation of the various facts and circumstances which bear upon them. Twenty years ago, I entered Kenilworth, in the full vigour of manhood, surrounded by those nearest and dearest to me. I now trod its smooth green-sward with an unsteady step, and viewed the broken outlines of its picturesque ruins, with a dimmed eye, accompanied by one only out of all our joyous party. *She*, indeed, bloomed in all the freshness of youth, on the parent stem which had been rudely assailed by the storms of this life, clinging to it with a tenacity proportioned to the shocks it encountered. She had braved the dangers and hardships of foreign climes, to smooth the asperities with which fortune had strewed the path of the being she loved and venerated most on earth—who had gradually unlocked the treasures of knowledge to her young mind, until it had expanded far beyond the usual limits of her sex and age. All recollection of her former visit had been obliterated from her memory; or rather, her infant mind had never been conscious of it, and she longed to visit, once more, a scene with which were interwoven some of the most delightful reminiscences of her childhood—the

memory of a kind and gentle being who used to watch over her infancy, and delight her young fancy with tales of her distant native land.

"Good God! Maria, my love, what is the matter with you! You look dreadfully frightened:—has anything happened?"

"Oh! my dear father, I have had such a narrow escape from destruction, and now that I am safe, I am more frightened at the very thought of what you would have suffered, had I been killed, than when death stared me in the face."

The foregoing hurried conversation took place at Naples, a few months previous to the commencement of the second part of the present narrative, on the eve of my return to my native land, after an absence of many years. My daughter had been riding with a friend on the road from Portici, when her horse took fright, and dashed off towards Naples, at a fearful speed. A gentleman who was riding in the opposite direction, seeing her danger, posted himself in a narrow part of the road, and calling out to her to disengage her hands from the bridle, fairly caught her out of the saddle, at the moment the furious animal dashed by him. In the next instant, the terrified creature struck, with frightful violence, against a gate which opposed its progress, and fell down dead, one of the splinters having entered its chest.

"Thank God, my dear, you are safe; I am only sorry I shall not have an opportunity of thanking your gallant preserver—do you know his name?"

"I do not, but he knows mine, for I believe I mentioned it in my fright, before old Signor Antonio (who was more frightened than myself) came up, and dismissed him with a profusion of stiff bows and formal thanks. There is one thing, however, I am sure of—he is an Englishman; his clear blue eye, and fair complexion, bespoke a native of our own dear land, to say nothing of his gallant conduct and his perfect command of the noble animal he rode."

"Good night, my love—go and compose yourself; we start early to-morrow for this same England, which your imagination delights to surround with such a bright halo; but which is associated, in my mind, with events which recal the most melancholy recollections; and but for your sake, I would never awaken the memory of past sorrow, by revisiting my native land; but, good night, God bless you."

"This is the spot where the unfortunate lady fell," said I, as we turned the north-east corner of Kenilworth Castle. "It was a dreadful sight, and I hope I may never see such another. But let us turn away from the contemplation of this painful scene—come this way. Look at that niche; it was there you laid asleep, Maria, twenty years ago, while we merrily danced on this smooth spot, to the music of our own voices. "There still lays the

huge stone which served for our rude table, round which beamed many a bright eye!"—

"My dear papa, you are rushing headlong into one of your melancholy and moralizing moods. Shew me the place where you carved my name; it is in one of the vaults, I think."

"Yes, the only chamber that can boast of a roof, in this once splendid pile. But come, a truce with moping melancholy; let me rather rejoice that your bright smile still sheds a ray of cheerful light on the evening of my days. I will fancy myself young once again; let us see whether my old limbs will carry me up the terrace and round that angle, before you, Maria." So saying, I ran up the sloping bank, and elated by a temporary buoyancy of spirits, I reached the vault before my daughter, who was more pleased to see this burst of unusual gaiety, than anxious to contend for the race.

On entering the vault, the first object that struck me, was a young man who was standing at the spot where I knew the name was written, and copying something on a card which he held in his hand, from among the numerous writings on the wall.

As I approached him, he withdrew to the other end of the chamber, but not before he had partly turned round to view the intruder who had invaded his privacy. As he did so, his face strongly recalled to my mind some countenance of which time had left so faint an impression, that I could not, at the moment, recollect where I had seen it. "Here it is," exclaimed I, as my daughter joined me, and where think you I had the assurance to carve it! Just over 'Walter Scott,' traced by the great Magician's own hand. If I had not been somewhat taller than most people, some vulgar 'Huggins' or 'Gubbins' would have obliterated it long ere this time. There it is, M-a-r-i-a S-t-a-n-l-e-y—Maria Stanley."

"Maria Stanley," ejaculated the stranger. As I turned round, he advanced towards me. "May I ask, Sir," said he, "whether you have lately been at Naples, and whether that lady is Miss Stanley?"

Before I could answer, my daughter looked round, at the same time uttering a faint exclamation of surprise. The stranger bowed to her. "Do you know anything of this gentleman, my dear?" said I, rather sharply.

"Only that he saved my life at Naples, my dear papa."

I extended my hand to the stranger, and warmly thanked him, acknowledging an eternal debt of gratitude to his bravery. He modestly waived all claim to any merit, alleging it was only a mere act of duty, and saying, that if he were allowed to have the pleasure of cultivating my friendship, he should deem the incident which had led to it, a most fortunate one. He then mechanically handed me the card, which he still held in his hand, and as I glanced, by accident, on the wrong side of it, I observed that he slightly coloured. It bore the name of "Lieut. Harcourt, 15th Hussars."

"Harcourt! Harcourt!" exclaimed I, "pray, Sir, will you excuse me for asking whether any painful recollection is associated, in your memory, with these ruins?"

"Alas! sir, they were the grave of my mother, whose loss I was too young to deplore. I came here to day to indulge a melancholy pleasure in viewing the scene of an event which early deprived me of the fostering care of both parents, when, by a singular coincidence, in examining the strange mixture of celebrated and obscure names, rudely carved on these walls, I happened to cast my eye over one which recalled other and more pleasing scenes, and immediately after, heard you pronounce it."

"Ah! I saved your father's life, Mr. Harcourt, after he had jumped out of yonder window, on the fearful occasion; I allowed the warm, but stagnant tide of life to flow freely; but, alas! I only recalled him to a sense of his misery. But enough of this painful subject."

Mutual explanations followed. Captain Harcourt, it appeared, had never recovered from the shock occasioned by his fall, and the loss of his young and beautiful wife, to whom he had but returned from the West Indies, a few days before, having resigned his commission in consequence of succeeding to considerable property, by the death of a near relation. His son was travelling in Italy when he so providentially saved my daughter, who made such an impression on his mind, transient as their meeting was, as can only be accounted for, by tracing it to the vagaries which the blind God delights to play off on young and foolish hearts; for it afterwards appeared, that he had actually followed us to England, in the vague hope of finding us. He had even traced us to the neighbourhood of the spot where we met, when he was irresistibly led aside by the train of ideas which the sight of the fatal ruins had conjured up in his mind, and was engaged in copying (*carving* would have been more in the true and legitimate poetico-pastoral style) the name of the unknown divinity to whose worship he had become a convert, by the light—not of reason, but of a pair of bright eyes. But what has reason to do with love?"

———"Rischio non teme

"Non ode amor consiglio."

says a great poet; which I, who am no poet at all, translate, or rather paraphrase—

"Love no risk or danger fears,
Nor e'er the voice of reason hears."

The acquaintance, thus commenced, chiefly through the agency of a blind passion, became cemented, in the course of time, by the most lasting and endearing ties, which our nature can appreciate.

The gay and lively Maria, is now the sedate and anxious Mrs. Harcourt; I am the venerable grandfather of two little playful cherubs, who climb my knees, and sometimes lisp a request, to hear "Grandpapa's adventures in Kenilworth Castle."

JER.

HAYDN IN A STORM.

JOSEPH begged his two friends to wait for him, and followed Bernardone. He was ushered into an apartment, perfumed with the most agreeable incense, gorgeously furnished, and realising, in its small compass, all the magnificence of the East. Joseph, however, took little notice of all this finery, his head was filled with the opera he had to compose—so filled, that even the count of Staremberg, who was pacing the room with a peevish countenance, and an awkward limp, and his mistress, lying on a sofa, her back turned to the door, escaped his notice. She half turned her head as the stranger entered, saluted Bernardone, and merely nodded to the other, who, thin, pale, and mean-looking, was not thought by her worthy of further notice.

"Sir," said Bernardone, "I have brought him, I am sure he will distinguish himself, young as he is. He has engaged for an opera."

"Very well, I'll hiss it then, that's all," said the count, shrugging his shoulders.

Haydn made a bow, and the count resumed his halting walk.

"And I will go and applaud it," cried Wilhelmina, bounding off the sofa, in pure spirit of contradiction, "and I'll choose the poem, I will; luckily we have abundance of poetry," and, running to a scrutoire she drew forth a number of MS. poems, from which, having selected one, she gave it to Haydn.

"Thank you, Madame," said Haydn, "ladies are ever obliging. The black coat you see me wear, I owe to the generosity of an Italian lady, to whom I gave singing lessons, a twelvemonth ago, whilst in the service, as footman, of the celebrated Porpora."

The count cast a look of supreme disdain on poor Joseph.

"Yes, Madame," continued he, "every morning I had to brush his clothes, clean his boots, and powder his old-fashioned wig, and the most scolding and rough master he was. The lady I speak of, having heard my story, begged me to call on her, and she gave me six sequins for twelve lessons—it was with that money I purchased this coat, and I dare now show myself without being ashamed."

The count, who was still limping the length of the room, again stopped short, and inquired for the title of the poem. The young man could scarcely repress a smile, when he saw at the head of the manuscript, the title, "Le Diable Boiteux" and he said to the count, "Excuse me, Sir; but the title had better remain a mystery; as you are determined to hiss my composition, you might prejudice some of your friends against me."

"This young man is not in want of sense," said Wilhelmina.

"He has more impudence than sense," remarked the surly count.

It was stipulated that the price the composition was to fetch, was to be four-and-twenty sequins, and no more; and that, on condition that the work was completed within a week.

This was more time than Haydn wanted, who found it more difficult to contain the crowd of ideas that filled his head, than to find time and opportunity to express them. At the expiration of four days, the piece was finished, with the exception of a passage, which was the torment of the poor composer. Haydn called with the manuscript on the poet; "You have interlined here, '*here comes a tempest*,' but I have never seen one, can you describe one to me?"

"Unfortunately, I am unable, I put the tempest between parentheses, because I found it impossible to put it in verse—like you, I have never seen a tempest."

The difficulty was considerable, what was to be done!—he called on Bernardone.

"Have you ever seen a tempest," said Joseph, on entering.

"I should think I had, I was as near as possible being wrecked four times."

"Just explain it to me then, I will sit at the instrument."

"Stop, I will do better," said Bernardone, "I will play one for you," and he began the strangest antics imaginable, raising and lowering his arms, leaning from one end of the piano to the other, to imitate the rocking of a vessel, as he said; imitating, in the base and the treble, the thunder and gusts of wind.

"Do you understand, my boy?"

"I am afraid I am not much wiser than I was before," said Haydn, smiling, "this appears more like the music, cats let loose would make, than any thing else."

"Picture to yourself," said Bernardone, rising, and kicking chairs, tables, and stools about, throwing books and other articles from one end of the room to the other, "picture to yourself the sky darkening—*psht! wsh!*—there goes the wind—lightning darts athwart the skies—the vessel rises and then descends—*broong! womg!*—there goes the terrible thunder. Then look here, mind—here rises a mountain—there sinks a deep valley—mountains and valleys run, without being able to catch each other up—the mountain is engulfed in the valley—the valley repels the mountain—the lightning flashes—the thunder rumbles—the ship floats like a straw—now describe all this; I should think I have made it clear enough, eh?"

Haydn, lost in the midst of this grand description, accompanied with all due contortions and stamping; on his side, sat down to the instrument, tried and stamped in his turn, till, truly, if any one had stepped into the room at this conjuncture, he would have thought himself in the presence of a couple of men, possessed by some malicious demon. At length Haydn, in sheer despair, ran the left hand from the lowest note, and the right one from the highest, towards each other, exclaiming "The deuce take the storm!"

"That's it, bravo," cried Bernardone, "that is beautiful—superb, you have got it, Joseph, you shall have thirty sequins instead of twenty-four."

H. M.

LORD BYRON IN ITALY.

BY LADY BLESSINGTON.

LORD BYRON has just left our hotel; where he came about two o'clock, and remained until half-past four. It is strange to see the perfect freedom with which he converses to recent acquaintances, on subjects which even friends would think too delicate for discussion. I do not like this openness on affairs that should be confided only to long-tryed intimacy. It betrays a want of the delicacy and decorum which a sensitive mind ought to possess; and leaves him at the mercy of every chance-acquaintance to whom he may make his imprudent disclosures. Byron seems to take pleasure in censuring England, and its customs; yet it is evident that he rails at it and them, as a lover does at the faults of his mistress;—not loving her the less, even while he rails. Why talk so much and so continually of his country, if he felt that indifference (nay, hatred) to it, which he professes! He has promised to dine with us on Thursday;—this being, as he asserts, the first dinner-invitation which he has accepted during two years. Byron is perfectly at his ease in society; and generally makes others so, except when he enters into family-details; which place persons of any refinement in a painful position. He has far less pretension, than any other literary man of my acquaintance; and not the slightest shade of pedantry. This perfect freedom from conceal, is well calculated to render him very popular; and to induce his contemporaries to pardon the immeasurable superiority of his genius.

Byron dined with us to-day. He came early, and was in good spirits. He did not seem annoyed by encountering, on the stairs and in the corridors, a number of persons, who stared at him with more curiosity than good breeding. The greater number were English, who reside in this, and other hotels in the neighbourhood; and who were all anxious to see their celebrated countryman. How his coming to dine here was made known, I cannot imagine; unless it was by the gossiping of our English servants; and this most unceremonious examination might have displeased him, had he been (as he is represented to be not unfrequently) in a less placable humour. Byron loves to dwell, in conversation, on his own faults. How far he might endure their recapitulation by another, remains to be proved; but I have observed, that those persons who display the greatest frankness in acknowledging their errors, are precisely those who most warmly resent their detection by another. I do not think Byron insincere in his avowal of his defects; for he has too much acuteness of perception not to be aware of them; and too great a desire of exhibiting his acuteness, not to make admissions that prove his power of analysing his own mind, as well as the minds of others. But it appears to me that he is more ready to acknowledge his

infirmities, than to correct them;—nay, that he considers the candour of his confession as an *amende honorable*. There is an indelible charm in hearing people, to whom genius of the highest order is ascribed, indulge in egotistical conversation. It is like reading their diaries; by which we learn more of the individuals, than by any other means. When Lord Byron speaks, his countenance is full of animation;—its expression changing with the subject that excites his feelings.

Rode out, on horseback, to-day. Lord Byron was our cicerone, and took us to Nervi;—one of the prettiest rides imaginable, and commanding a fine view of the sea. He pointed out the spots whence the views were the most beautiful; but with a coldness of expression that was remarkable. Observing that I smiled at this insensibility, he smiled too, and said,—"I suppose you expected me to explode into some enthusiastic exclamations on the sea, the scenery, &c.;—such as poets indulge in, or are supposed to indulge in. But the truth is, I hate cant of every kind; and the cant of the love of nature as much as any other!" To avoid the appearance of *one* affectation, therefore, he assumes *another*;—that of not admiring. He especially eschews every symptom indicative of his poetical feelings; yet, nevertheless, they continually break out in various ways, when he is off his guard.

Byron has redoubled his kindness to his friend, since the death of his son.* There is a gentleness, and almost womanly softness in his manner towards him, that it is peculiarly pleasing to witness. There is much goodness in Lord Byron's nature;—warped, as it has been, by untoward circumstances, acting on the excitable temperament of genius; and he may yet redeem his errors, and prove that his heart is no less noble, than his intellectual faculties are brilliant!

He has taken quite a fancy to Mameluke, whom he imagines to be too spirited for a lady's horse; and he imagines me a female Nimrod, for managing so fiery a steed so well; whereas poor Mameluke is, like his mistress (on horseback), only given to show off a little; and is by no means so impetuous as he appears.

As I rode along to-day, with Byron's musical voice sounding in my ears, my spirits felt relieved from the gloom that had clouded them of late, and I enjoyed the charms of this sunny land. Byron, too, admitted that the air and scenery produced an exhilarating effect on his spirits; but added, smiling,—"It is merely an effect of nerves; to which we are all, more or less, subject!" He has a passion for flowers, and purchases bouquets from the vendors on the road, who have tables piled with them. He bestows charity on every mendicant that asks it; and his manner, in

giving, is gentle and kind. The people seem all to know his face, and to like him; and many recount to him their affairs, as if they were sure of his sympathy. Though now but in his thirty-sixth year, Byron talks of himself as if he were at least fifty; nay, likes to be considered old. It surprises me to witness the tenacity with which his memory retains every trivial occurrence connected with his sojourn in England, and his London life. Persons and circumstances, that I should have supposed could never have made any impression on his mind, are remembered as freshly as if recently seen. For example, speaking of a mutual acquaintance, Byron said,—"He was the first man I saw wear pale lemon-coloured gloves; and devilish well they looked." Strange that such a mind should retain such puerilities!

Byron is neither a bold nor a good rider; though it is evident he has pretensions to horsemanship; and the mode in which his horse is caparisoned, would go far to prove this ambition.

Rode out to-day with Lord Byron; who led us by a new, and nearly as pretty a route as that of Nervi. He was in good spirits; and asked leave to introduce us to Count Gamba, brother to the Countess Guiccioli. Byron seems quite decided on going to Greece; yet he talks of the project as if it were more a duty than a pleasure. He asserts, that he who is only a poet, has done little for mankind; and that he will endeavour to prove, in his own person, that a poet may be a soldier. That Byron will fulfil this self-imposed duty, is (I think) nearly certain; and that he will fulfil it bravely, I entertain not a doubt; yet, from what I have seen of him, I should say that his vocation is more for a *reflective* than for an *active* life; and that the details and contrarieties to which, from the position he will hold in Greece, he must be subjected, will exhaust his patience and impair his health. If he had only to lead an army to battle, I should have no fear of his acquitting himself well; for the fire and animation of his poetical temperament, would carry him through such ordeals, notwithstanding the delicacy of his health; which he has greatly impaired by a regime more suited to an ascetic, than to a would-be soldier. I can well fancy Byron rushing into the fight, and realizing in the field his poetical ideas of a hero; but I cannot imagine his enduring the tedious details, and submitting to the tiresome discussions and arrangements, of which as a chief he must bear the weight.†

N. R.

* Byron must have said this for the pleasure of being contradicted.—N. R.

† Extracted in a condensed form, from "The Idler in Italy"; volume 2; pages 5 to 23. See "The Mirror," Nov. 94 (and 99); volume 33, page 175, and volume 35, page 159; March 16, 1839, and March 7, 1840.

* Lord Mountjoy, we believe;—the son of the Earl of Blessington, by a former wife.—N. R.

Topographical Reminiscences.

MR. EDITOR.—A few days ago, I attended the funeral of a relative, whose interment took place in the parish Church of Hadleigh,* in Suffolk. On inspecting the interior of that edifice, I found in the middle aisle, near to the reading desk, a small tablet of brass, affixed to a pillar, in commemoration of the famous Dr. Taylor, vicar of the above parish, who suffered martyrdom there, A. D. 1555. At the place of his execution was erected a stone, with this mis-spelt inscription :

"ANNO 1555.

DR. TAYLOR FOR DEFENDING WHAT WAS GOD,
IN THIS PLACE SHED HIS BLOOD."

An exact copy of the inscription upon the tablet, (which is in old English) I now send, with your approbation, for insertion in "The Mirror," thinking it may prove interesting to some of your many readers, and remain,

Yours' respectfully, B. MATTHEWS.

March 23, 1840.

"Gloria in Altissimis Deo."

"Of Rowland Tailor's fame I shewe
An Excellent Devine
And Doctor of the Civill Law
A Preacher rare and tyne
King Henry and King Edwardes dages
Preacher and Parson here
That gave to God continuall prayse
And kept his flocke in feare
And for the truth condemned to dye
He was in fiery flame
When he received patientlie
The torment of the same
And thoughte suffered to the nde
Which made the standers by
Reioice in God to see their friende
And Pastor so to dye
O Tailor were thy mightie fame
Sprightly here enroulede
Thy deeds deserve that thy good name
Were ciphered here in golde."

Obiit Anno Dⁿⁱ. 1555.

* The church, dedicated to St. Mary, is a handsome spacious structure, surmounted by a lofty spire of wood covered with lead; it is chiefly of the later English character, and has two south porches; the aisles are co-extensive with the nave and the chancel. In the chancel is a beautiful altar-piece, erected in 1744, by Dr. Wilkins,* the incumbent, constructed of wainscot, with neat cane-work, and exhibiting paintings of Moses and Aaron. The font is of great antiquity, and bears an inscription in Greek characters, which being translated, is, "Wash and be clean."—*Ed. M.*

* This learned divine and editor was born 1685: in 1715, he was appointed keeper of the archiepiscopal library at Lambeth, and in three years he drew up a curious catalogue of the MSS. in that valuable collection. As a reward for his industry and learning, archbishop Wake gave him three livings in Kent, and subsequently the rectories of Hadleigh, Monk's Ely, and Rocking. He was also collated to a prebend at Canterbury, and to the archdeaconry of Suffolk. He died in 1748. The list of his various works may be seen in *Nichol's Lib. Ant.*

MADAME NECKAR.

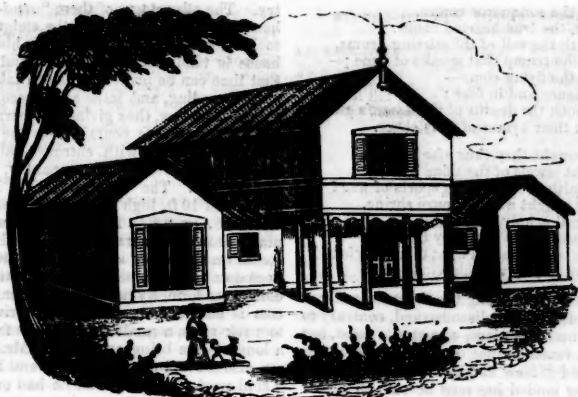
In our *Mirror* of the 16th of November last, we gave a picturesque view of Copet, once the classic residence of Madame de Stael, the daughter of Madame Neckar. The mother died at Copet, in 1796, and it was there that she first began the subscription for the statue of Voltaire. We now present our readers with the following tribute to this mother's memory, written by F. B. Briquet, in his "Dictionnaire Historique."

"Elle s'exerça aux actes de la bienveillance la plus active, et cultiva les lettres. Le zèle qu'elle mit, et les soins qu'elle se donna pour soulager l'humanité souffrante, rendent sa mémoire chère, à toutes les âmes sensibles. A Paris, elle dirigea particulièrement un hospice, qui porte son nom, et qui étoit devenu l'exemple et le modèle des établissemens de ce genre. Dans tous les momens de sa vie, la bienfaisance fut l'ame des ses pensées, et de ses projets."

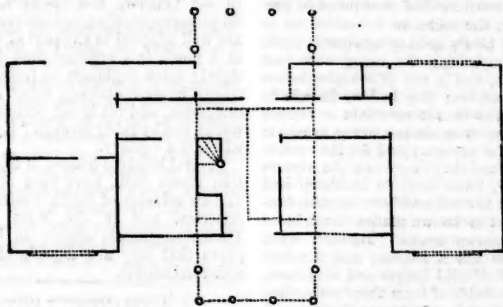
Arts and Sciences.

THE TWO SCHOOLS OF GEOLOGY.

THE difference between the *old* geologists and the *present*, is this—the former were employed in forming ingenious speculations as to the manner in which terrestrial changes were effected, and central caverns of intense light, internal volcanoes, hollow crusts of the globe, fragments of the sun himself, comets sweeping the earth with their tail, as a housemaid sweeps a carpet with her broom, were all *causes*, each adopted and advocated, with as much zeal as ignorance, by very ingenious men, till even the resources of Omnipotence were exhausted by them. The end and totality of all this was, that not a single step of progress was made—not a fact was discovered—not a difficulty was removed. These men of conjecture, kept for ever moving round in a brilliant circle of their own, and for ever returning to the very point from which they had set out; occasionally jostling one another, as they crossed their several orbits of theory, and stopping to abuse each other pretty heartily. The present race, deeper instructed in philosophy, acquainted with the laws and powers of chymistry, submitting their knowledge to a close and rigorous system of logic, and being aware how confined that knowledge is, have employed the activity of their minds, and the resources of their art, in a careful survey of the *effects* produced in the gigantic laboratory of nature, by time and change; by analysis, reducing compounded bodies to their original elements, and, by a careful and philosophical reasoning, binding fact to fact, as with an unbroken chain, fully aware how small and bounded the domain of science is, and how imperfectly even that is known. The earth on which we tread is 8,000 miles in diameter, the depth to which man has penetrated is eight !!



STUD-FRAMED FARM-HOUSE FOR EMIGRANTS.



GROUND PLAN OF THE ABOVE STRUCTURE.

THAT there were many millions of acres of rich and fertile land, in a state requiring cultivation, every way suitable to emigration, is undeniably shown by the erection of a New World on the continent of America, now forming several republics, under the common denomination of the United States. To these, the first settlers were few, and our colonies were chiefly inhabited, at first, by men possessing but little education, and driven into exile by their own misconduct or adventurousness. But those urged by the latter impulse, were comparatively scarce, and their means small to commence with.

Various narratives have recorded the great privations they must have undergone, while erecting their *log-huts*, as a refuge for themselves and families. The axe prostrated the trees, whose rough trunks were immediately converted into habitations, far inferior to what

the poorest had been accustomed, in their native country. The emigrants to New England formed the first settlement of any account; they styled themselves "The Pilgrims." One hundred and fifty in number, belonging to the more independent classes of this country, and possessed of great intelligence, with indomitable courage, a persecution on account of religious tenets had driven them from their native shores: and Mrs. Hemans has powerfully sung of this adventure.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

The sullen waves beat high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches toss'd,
And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
 They, the true-hearted came :
 Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
 Nor the trumpet that speaks of fame ;—
 Not as the flying come—
 In silence and in fear ;
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom.
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.

What sought they thus afar !—
 Bright jewels of the mine !—
 The wealth of seas !—the sports of war ?
 They sought a faith's pure shrine.
 Aye ! call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trod,
 They've left unstained what there they found
 —Freedom to worship God.

They had, in crossing the Atlantic, suffered great hardships, and disembarked, contrary to their original intentions, on a sterile coast, but which, in remembrance of their own country, they named "New England." The rock on which they landed has now become an object of great veneration in the United States. N. Martin, the historian of these "pilgrims," thus describes their situation.

"Let the reader, with me, make a pause, and seriously consider this poor people's present condition, the more to be raised up to admiration of God's goodness towards them, in their preservation; for being now past the vast ocean, and a sea of troubles before them in expectation; they had no friends to welcome them, no inns to entertain or refresh them, no houses, or much less towns to repair unto, to seek for succour; and for the season, it was winter, and they that know the winters of the country, know them to be sharp and violent, subject to cruel and fierce storms, dangerous to travel to known places, much more to search unknown coasts. Besides, what could they see but a hideous and desolate wilderness, full of wild beasts and wild men, and what multitudes of them there were, they knew not: for which way soever they turned their eyes, (save upwards to Heaven), they could have but little solace or content in respect of any outward object; for summer being ended, all things stand in appearance with a weather-beaten face, and the whole country full of woods and thickets, represented a wild and savage hue; if they looked behind, there was the mighty ocean which they had passed, and was now as a main bar or gulph, to separate them from all the civil parts of the world."

Our attention was drawn to this subject on seeing a house erected in framed stud-work, at Mr. Peter Thompson's, builder of Houses for Exportation, New Road, a sketch of which we have given as above, being an eight-roomed farm-house, for South Australia, to be conveyed, on landing, to a sheep-farming district, a great many miles up the country: these houses are throughout provided with inside and outside boarding, with boarded floors and ceilings, glazed windows, and framed doors of a similar style to what are in use in this coun-

try. The advantages of these "stud-framed" houses are, that as soon as the emigrant gets to his location, in a short time his wooden house is ready for occupation; and directly that time can be procured, he can take off the outer boarding, and lathe and stucco the outside of his house, thus giving it a permanency.

This farm-house contains, on the ground-floor, five rooms, with entrance-hall, stairs, and passage; with offices, as pantry, scullery, and closets. The sitting-room is 18 ft. by 12 ft., and 10 ft. high; the other rooms average 12 ft. by 9 ft. The dotted lines on the plan, show the arrangement of the three rooms on the upper story. These houses, at once do away with the great privations that emigrants formerly had to encounter, as their cost is but moderate, and are contrived so as to pack up in a small compass, the freight of a long voyage being expensive. Mr. Thompson also showed us models of several houses of "stud-work" framing, that he had erected in this country, the difference being, that in this country, the outsides are covered in Roman cement; thus adapting, in a measure, the style used by our forefathers, as shown in many of the old "manor," and "rectory," houses; and for picturesque effect, and internal convenience, are well adapted to any part of Great Britain, at a much less expense than the heavy unsightly brick buildings so frequently seen—a family house containing many rooms, can be completed, and ready for occupation in a few weeks, and by going through "Kyan's Patent," will last a century.

Several hundred houses, of from two to sixteen rooms each, have been sent out to the various colonies of South Australia, to South America, and to the West Indies. Mr. Thompson expects shortly to be enabled to prove that they are capable of being made anti-combustible.

A CHINESE LEGEND.

In the beginning of the world there lived Tsingquas, monsters, with men's faces and fishes' bodies, who desolated the face of the waters, so that no ships could sail; those eight persons who escaped their rapacity, by the charms of music, which they invented, attracted the savages from the seas, and killed them all. They are now gods, and live in Ti-shan, an island in the interior of China, very high and very large, from whence these divinities can menut to the sky, or, as they are very light, can live in the clouds.

1. *Hong Chong ii*—By the flirt of his fan could blow you to the end of the world, without killing you—unless he pleased.

2. *Taat qua la*—keeps eternal fire in his calabash; he must keep it in the inside, or it will burn up the world.

3. *Chum cu lo*—plays on a small drum or tom-tom.

4. *Li tong pan*—first inventor of swords; he carries a two-edged one, in his hand, with which he killed the Tsingquas.

5. *Ho sing co*—a virgin, who made an iron basket, which she could enlarge or contract at pleasure; by the extreme beauty of her person, the charms of her conversation, and the powers of music, she attracted the Tsingwas, who came into the basket, and were destroyed.

6. *Taoa gwa cow*—had two pieces of wood fastened together, when he spoke he flapped them, and you might hear him at a wonderful distance.

7. *Hong shong tsee*—invented a flute, the sound of which brought beautiful pheasants, and all other kinds of birds from the extremities of the earth.

8. *Lum tsei we*—made a bamboo basket, in which was every kind of sweet-smelling flower; and when he took the top off, all the world was covered with fragrance, to the delight of its inhabitants.

PHENOMENON OF NATURE.

(For the Mirror.)

As the following account relates to a phenomenon hitherto, I believe, unobserved in England, it may not be considered uninteresting. I have met with it twice, and each time in great perfection.

The first time was in the month of August, last year, on a clear sunny day, a little before noon. I was walking along the sea-coast of Sussex, near East Wittering, when I observed, at a slight distance before me, as if over the garden wall of a small cottage, the appearance of a running stream, which bounded forward into the sea; on approaching it closer, however, I could plainly perceive that the white, glancing appearance by which I had been deceived, emanated from the sea, and was borne on the breeze landward, to a considerable distance; standing beside the wall over which I had originally observed it, I could discover nothing, whilst the same appearance still presented itself at a fixed distance beyond me. This circumstance I only mention as throwing, perhaps, some light on the phenomenon to which I more particularly refer. On my return across the sands, this, for the first time, presented itself in the shape of a surface of clear, still water, which seemed to be an inlet of the sea; in it were clearly reflected all the objects around and over it; the line of coast at that spot, with trees, houses, &c., and a wagon and horses which were crossing the sands, were, with every thing else, reflected as clearly as if they had been placed upon a polished surface. So complete was the appearance of clear water, that I was not deceived until I found that, however fast I might walk, it was still at the same distance before me, and although I marked the bushes near which it at one time appeared to be situated, when I came up to these, I found the water still as distant as ever—it was then evidently a delusion.

A second time, in the same month, I was struck with this appearance on the sands between Bignor and Selsey. In this case, as before, the day was clear and bright, the time about noon (I did not note it particularly, but I should say it was rather before twelve than after) the tide receding, the sands fine, but damp. In both cases, be it remembered, the month was August, and in neither case did the phenomenon remain visible for more than twenty minutes. It would seem necessary that these circumstances should concur, in order to produce the effect mentioned, since, in no other case have I ever witnessed it; whilst, except in these two cases, I have never visited the sands when all these circumstances were favourable to its production.*

H. A. L.

EXCURSION TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

AUGUST, MDCCCXXXIX.

[Concluded from page 180.]

THERE are steam packets constantly running backward and forward from Cowes to Southampton, and on the Wednesday morning I embarked from the Isle of Wight for Southampton; the passage was pleasant, and, having crossed the channel, we arrived at Southampton river, at the mouth of which, on the left, is Caobot Castle; further up the river, on the right, the venerable ruins of Netley Abbey present themselves, but are so much obscured by trees, &c., as to present by no means so interesting a view from the river, as when seen in other directions. Having landed at Southampton pier, I took some refreshments at a house and requested the landlady to take charge of my luggage, to which, to my surprise, she objected. On explanation, however, her motives for refusal were reasonable; she stated that in the great traffic between Southampton and the Islands of Guernsey and Jersey, it was no uncommon thing for passengers to smuggle to a great amount, and that if the contraband property was found on their premises, the penalty would be heavy. Having, however, satisfied her that I was too loyal a subject to wish to defraud her majesty of any part of her revenue, she complied with my request. Netley Abbey being the principal object of attraction with me, I hastened to visit it; it is situated about three miles from

* The phenomenon witnessed by our observant correspondent, needs only a name to serve for its specification:—A native of Arabia Petrea or the Sahara would soon inform him that it was the Mirage; an appearance as rare in European countries, as it is common in Asiatic. During the hot season—about noon in August—he says that he observed it; a time when the torridity of the atmosphere would be best calculated to produce such an effect. His wonder, however, is not to be marvelled at, since in Europe, more especially in so northern a latitude as England, a Mirage is as rare as pyrolitics or earthquakes.—*Ed. M.*

Southampton, and a pleasant walk, brought me to

"Where Netley's ruins, bordering on the flood,
Forslorn in melancholy greatness stand."

It was not without emotion I first gazed on this interesting relic of by-gone days; the ruins are far more spacious than I had imagined; having walked round the exterior, I visited the interior; in passing through the court-yard, my attention was drawn to a group of gypsies, huddled together in a corner; seeing me stay a moment to observe them, one of the party advanced, and offered her services, to show me the interior of the ruins, which I declined accepting. I spent some time in viewing the site of the chapel, refectory &c., and descended to the dungeons, from whence there are very evident traces of subterranean passages. On leaving the abbey, I was impetioned by a withered old beldame, and a tall, masculine, but intelligent-looking gypsy, to have my fortune told; but, feeling no inclination thereto, I offered them a small gratuity, on condition of their giving me a little information as to the habits and customs of the peculiar race of beings, of which they formed part. Amongst other things they informed me it was customary among them to eat the hedgehog, which animal, they believed, obtained its entire sustenance from sucking the teats of the cow; they assured me, when nicely roasted, it was quite a "dainty dish;" they stated they had among themselves a perfect and distinct language, and on inquiring the names of several things, it struck me as a little curious, when they called the apple "pumay," it bearing so close a resemblance to the Latin, French, and Spanish words, pomum, pomme, pomo, &c.; none of their party could either read or write, nor were they desirous of learning, as they could not conceive it would add to their happiness. Of their origin they professed to know nothing; they stated their belief in the existence of a God, and in future rewards and punishments; in reply to my questions of whether they themselves believed the stories they told others, who sought from them a knowledge of the future, they hesitated, but at length the younger one informed me they did not, but as it was their principal mode of obtaining a livelihood, they made a practise of studying the dispositions or wishes of their applicants, and framed their story accordingly. With a few more words our confabulation terminated. I next visited Southampton, and went to its theatre, which, although small, was very neat, but badly attended; I was not a little surprised at observing over the box and pit entrance, a notice of "no smoking allowed," and was told that at Portsmouth Theatre a similar prohibition is displayed.

I next took coach, having missed the train at the railway station, and arrived at Winchester by eleven o'clock. Although a city of great celebrity at a former period, it has now dwindled into comparative obscurity;

business of every kind appears very dull. The first object here, which attracted my attention was an inscription on an obelisk, erected just outside the ancient gateway at the upper end of High-street, it is as follows:—

"This monument is erected by the society of natives, on the very spot of ground to which the markets were removed, and whose basis is the very stone, on which exchanges were made, while the city lay under the scourge of the destroying pestilence, in the year 1669."

On inquiry, I found strangers were admitted to visit the college, and on application, a person conducted me over it; after visiting the chapel (which contains a fine painting of the annunciation, by Le Moine) and the school-rooms, I came to the library, a large collection, rich and rare, of ancient and modern lore; the object which most interested me was the genealogy of William of Wykeham, the founder of the college; it was an exceedingly curious and antique manuscript on vellum, modestly tracing the genealogy of the aforesaid personage up to Adam himself. There is also a full-length portrait of William of Wykeham, supposed to have been executed during his life-time. From the library we went to the kitchen, in the porch of which there is an ancient and curious painting, representing a semi-human figure, having the head of a swine with a padlock in its mouth, the ears and mane of an ass, and legs and feet of a stag; it is dressed in a blue coat, with belt and sword, a shield on the right arm, which is extended with the hand open, the left hand holds a broom, pitchfork, and shovel. On one side of the picture is a Latin inscription, and on the reverse side a translation, as follows:—

A trusty servant's portrait would you see,
This emblematic figure well survey;
The porker's snout, at mice in diet shows,
The padlock stout, no secrets he'll disclose,
Patient the ass, his master's wrath will bear;
Swift as in errand, the stag's feet declare;
Loaded his left hand, apt to labour saith:
The test his nostrils, open-hand his faith,
Girt with his sword, his shield upon his arm,
Himself and master, he'll protect from harm.

After dinner I went to the cathedral, and heard service, the chanting was beautifully impressive, and listened to with seeming admiration and devotion, by a more numerous congregation than I had anticipated seeing; the service over, I strolled along the aisles, and had scarcely time to copy the following inscription from a tablet against the wall, when an attendant told me the time had already expired for the doors of the cathedral to be closed.

"A union of two brothers from Avington, the Clerk's family were grandfather, father, and son, successively clerks of the privy seal: William, the grandfather had but two sons, both Thomases, their wives both Amys, their heirs both Henrys, and the heirs of Henry's both Thomases, both their wives inheretrixes, and both had two sons and one daughter, and

both their daughters issueless, both of Oxford, both of the Temple, both officers to Queen Elizabeth, and our noble King James, both justices of the peace, both agree in arms, the one a knight, the other a captain."

I afterwards visited the hospital of St. Cross, which is situated about a mile and a half from Winchester; it was formerly a monastic institution, and the abode of a holy brotherhood amounting to thirteen in number; it is still the residence of the same number of aged men; who, although Protestants, continue, on special occasions, to wear the same kind of costume as the former inmates; they are also designated "The Brothers," and there is a monastic custom still retained by them (I believe the only one of the kind in England) of giving ale and bread to visitors or any claimant. I rang for admission at the ancient gateway, and was ushered into the porter's lodge, where I was immediately presented with a horn full of ale, and a slice of bread; the ancient worthy, whose turn it was to act as cicerone, if not very intelligent, was certainly very loquacious and amusing; he shewed me all the relics of antiquity contained in the lodge, and requested I would sit in the chair formerly belonging to Cardinal Beaufort, the founder of the hospital, which honour, he assured me, all visitors aspired to. The old man lamented much the inconvenience and annoyance he was subjected to, by the frequent calling of persons merely to partake of the ale and bread, and who, in reply to his expostulations, would dare him to refuse them; having replied in the affirmative to his question, whether I should like to see the inside of the chapel belonging to the hospital, he told me he should first have to dress for the occasion, and retired for that purpose, but speedily returned, wearing a dark-coloured robe, something between a surplice and great coat, with stripes of scarlet cloth on the right breast, in the form of a cross; taking with him a long wand, we proceeded towards the chapel. On our way thither, he inquired whether I was a judge of fine architecture, for in that case, a treat was in store for me. The exterior of the building, although spacious, did not convey an idea, to me, of great beauty, although the interior was very magnificent: the ancient confessionals were the first objects of attention, part of the floor was paved with Roman tile, and there were some interesting specimens of mosaic pavement. An antique tablet was pointed out to me, containing the following inscription:—

SUSANNAH LAWRENCE,

December 12th, 1647.

A flesh-prevailing vessel found beautified,
to lye under ground.

The objects, however, which appeared to afford the greatest pleasure for my venerable friend upon which to expatiate were, the

handsome pillars and arches, circular and pointed, to which, for my edification, he was particularly anxious to draw my attention, stating "that there were the Sexton arches, and there were the Norman arches, the pined and the circular, all on 'em different, no two alike;" this, seeming to be his darling theme, was repeated every two or three pillars we passed.

From the chapel we crossed over to the kitchen and dining-hall, the huge capacious chimney, bacon-rack, ancient leathern "Black jacks," &c., holding two gallons each, gave indication that, however strict the former members of the brotherhood of St. Cross might have been in their religious duties, they were also tolerable judges, if not ardent admirers of the good things of this life. Adjoining the above buildings are a range of tenements, thirteen in number, which are the separate abodes of the brotherhood; formerly the inmates were compelled to lead a life of celibacy, but at present several of the brothers are married men, and those dwellings are comfortable asylums for themselves and aged partners, wherein to spend the remnant of their lives; should the brother die first, the widow is under the necessity of leaving the institution, but is otherwise provided for, their regulation being, that thirteen brothers should continually reside there, and *this rule* is observed in all strictness; having heard that one of the number was a self-taught artist, I obtained an interview, and was introduced to Miss Dashwood, an extremely amiable and accomplished person, and daughter of the individual alluded to. His parlour was a capacious room, its style of architecture not very unlike some of Nash's popular sketches, the walls were covered with paintings executed in an excellent style; in a large recess, near the window, sat the venerable, aged artist, completely surrounded by the implements used in his profession, who, on my advancing towards him, extended the hand of friendship, and gave me a hearty welcome. We then entered into conversation, in the course of which he informed me that he was upwards of ninety years of age, that he continued his avocation and amusement up to the present time; his favourite subjects, he said, were nautical pieces, and he had formerly been at various times employed by gentlemen residing at Cowes &c., on portraits of their pleasure yachts; he also possessed great versatility of talent, and his daughter obligingly exhibited to me excellent copies of Gerard Dow, Canaletti, Vanderelde, and other masters of eminence and opposite styles; the painting he had been last engaged on, was an interior of a religious edifice, copied from an Italian master; at his request, other and original subjects were shewn me, all of which were well executed; having thus spent one of my most delightful hours since leaving home, I bade the venerable man and his daughter farewell, and returned by a pleasant walk to Winchester. From

this place I booked myself for London, and terminated my few days excursion, by again returning to Dulce Domum.

To those who have already trodden over the places herein related, their memory may be pleased by seeing them again before them; and to those who have not, the writer will be happy, if he but tempt them to try the travel.

ON SOUND.

MR. SAVART has discovered, that when a column of air vibrates in a column of a flute with fibrous partitions, it produces a graver sound than that of a flute with rigid partitions. Performers on the flute have been led to remark, that this instrument resounds in general more easily, when its interior parts are thoroughly damped with water. These, and other facts, have suggested to M. C. Latour, the idea of examining if a column of air, which is contained in a well, would be more or less proper for making the sounds resound, according to whether the well contained water or not; and he believes that the resonance would be more marked in the first case than in the last.

He has also remarked, that the sounds produced under the arch of a stone bridge, resound more, when the foundation upon which the pillars of the arch rest, is covered with water, than when it is not. Latterly, he has had an opportunity of being able more fully to appreciate the influence that the surface of the water has upon the resonance of the air, by observing, in an estate in the suburbs of Chartres, two wells of similar size and construction: one of which, the bottom having been covered with water for many years, has acquired an extraordinary degree of resonant power, while the contrary is the case with the other, which contains no water. M. Cagniard Latour observes besides, that in the first well, the sounds were prolonged a certain time after they had ceased to be produced, which would give reason to suppose, that water, on account of its polished surface, is as favourable a medium for the reflection of sound, as it has been long proved to be for light. In order to put this to the test, he proposes to have the interior surfaces of the body of the violin made polished by the application of a very glossy description of varnish, by these means to discover whether the sonorous qualities of the instrument will acquire an appreciable increase of power.—*From a very clever paper on Acoustics, in the Foreign Quarterly Review, for April.*

AN IRISH MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

(From No. 1. of Charles O'Malley.)

"Is it possible you never heard of Sir Harry Boyle's committal?" said O'Malley, "you surely must have been abroad at the time; but it's not too late to tell it yet."

"Well, it's about two years since old Townsend brought in his enlistment bill, and the whole country was scoured for all our voters, who were scattered here and there, never anticipating another call of the House, and supposing that the session was just over. Among others, up came our friend Harry, here, and the night he arrived, they made him a 'monk of the screw,' and very soon made him forget his senatorial dignities."

"On the evening after his reaching town, the bill was brought in, and, at two in the morning, the division took place—a vote was of too much consequence, not to look after it closely—and a castle messenger was in waiting in Exchequer-street, who, when the debate was closing, put Harry, with three others, into a coach, and brought them down to the House. Unfortunately, however, they mistook their friends, voted against the bill; and, amid the loudest cheering of the opposition, the government party were defeated. The rage of the ministers knew no bounds, and looks of defiance, and even threats were exchanged between the ministers and the deserters. Amid all this, poor Harry fell fast asleep, and dreamed that he was once more in Exchequer-street, presiding among the monks, and mixing another tumbler. At length he awoke, and looked about him—the clerk was just at the instant reading out, in his usual routine manner, a clause of the new bill, and the remainder of the house was in dead silence. Harry looked again around on every side, wondering where was the hot water, and what had become of the whiskey bottle, and, above all, why the company were so extremely dull and ungenial. At length, with a half-shake, he roused up a little, and giving a look of unequivocal contempt on every side, called out, 'upon my soul, you're pleasant companions—but I'll give you a chant to enliven you.' So saying, he cleared his throat with a couple of short coughs, and struck up, with the voice of a Stentor, the following verse of a popular ballad:

"And they nibbled away, both night and day,

Like mice in a round of Gloucester;

Great rogues they were all, both great and small;

From Flood to Leslie Foster.

"Great rogues all."

"Chorus, boys."

If he was not joined by the voices of his friends in the song, it was probably because such a roar of laughing never was heard since the walls were roofed over. The whole house rose in a mass, and my friend Harry was hurried over the benches by the Sergeant-at-arms, and left for three weeks in Newgate, to practice his melody.

"All true," said Sir Harry, "and worse luck to them for not liking music."

The Naturalist.

ANIMALS DEPICTED ON ANCIENT MONUMENTS.

Of the very considerable number of animals which abound so largely on the monuments of antiquity, the naturalist and antiquary must often stand surprised at the accuracy of delineation with which they are almost always invested. There are few which cannot easily be classified, and the historical memories attached to them, are highly interesting.

The large number of the greater carnivorous animals, which the ancients were in the habit of putting to death at their public games, was so immense, that all the sovereigns of Europe, and of the world, would now attempt in vain to bring together so many. Thus, Pompey, even at the opening of his theatre, exhibited to the people a one-horned rhinoceros, 410 panthers, and more than 600 lions; above 300 of which had manes, and were, of course, males.

Among other nations, as, for example, the Asiatic, a religious character was given to the destruction of wild beasts. A favour, more familiarly known under the name of an *indulgence*, was the reward. Whoever destroyed a tiger, or a rhinoceros, procured an indulgence for a hundred years; whilst he who slew a lion, was rewarded with one of a thousand years' duration!

Lions.—The lion is often found on various bas-reliefs and precious stones. Hanno had a lion at Carthage so tame, that it followed him everywhere like a dog; and some years before the Christian era, Anthony had tame lions harnessed to his chariot.

Tigers.—The true tiger—the *felis tigris* of naturalists—is more rarely represented in antiquities than the lion, the leopard, and especially the panther. Claudius exhibited four at the opening of the Pantheon. A mosaic which has come down to our days, represents these tigers of the natural size, so that they can be compared with the existing species.

Dogs.—The ancients appear also to have had dogs so large and powerful, that they could harness them to their chariots. Thus Heliogabalus made himself to be driven in his chariot, by four dogs of a prodigious size; whilst at other times he preferred four stags, or it might be lions, or tigers.* The spaniel also was known to them, for this last variety was found upon a cornelian stone, and is to be found represented in a work of Agostini, published at Rome in 1686, under the title of the Antique Gem. In the fête which Ptolemy gave in honour of his father Ptolemy Soter, was the gift of a pack of two thousand four hundred dogs, which was followed by twenty-four male lions of consummate beauty.†

Elephants.—After the conquest of Macedonia, Metellus had one hundred and forty-

two elephants conducted to Rome, all of which were killed with arrows. During the night of that day on which Cæsar gave his grand fête, and on which was the combat with the elephants, he went home, illuminated by elephants carrying lanterns. The elephant is drawn and engraven on an endless variety of monuments. Sometimes it is represented as partially clad, or laced with a variety of cords and nets.

Papydermata.—Of this class there are, the rhinoceros, hippopotamus, wild boar, and several varieties of the *Hog*. One of the races of the hog, very common at Rome, is from Guinea, and is easily distinguished from any other by the remarkable bristles with which it is covered on the neck and back, and which are continued even to the very loins. This variety has always been very common in Africa, with which continent the Romans had the freest intercourse. Some other races are scarcely less frequently depicted upon these same monuments, one of which, like to the hog of China, is characterized by limbs so short, that the abdomen of large dimensions touches the ground.‡

Hippopotami.—These are designed with great fidelity on the mosaic of Palestrina, and other monuments. The first hippopotamus that was seen at Rome, was brought thither under the direction of Emilius Scaurus, who whilst Edile, took every pains to exhibit to the people, animals that had never before been seen in the circus. It was he who also presented to them the bones of the animal, to which it was said that Andromeda had been exposed, and as one of these bones was thirty-six feet in length, it is probable it was the lower jaw of a whale.

Fishes.—The gourmand Hortensius constructed fish-ponds of salt-water, in which he fattened the most delicate fish, such as sole, whittings, lampreys, gold and silver fishes, (Dorades,) and the shell-fish of the ocean. Cæsar, according to Pliny, borrowed from Irrius, no fewer than six thousand lampreys for a feast which he gave to the Roman people.

Aviaries.—Alexander, at first, imported peacocks from Greece, merely considering them as an object of curiosity, on account of the beauty of their plumage. Hortensius, however, judged differently, and he ordered several of them to be served up in a splendid banquet which he gave to his friends. From this time, peacocks multiplied prodigiously in Rome: and Ptolemy Phocion was astonished with the quantities he saw there. The number became latterly so great, that, if we may believe the ancient authors, Antidius Lucero, made an income of nearly £800 by feeding this beautiful bird. Nor should we be surprised at this, if we were to judge of it by the immense quantity of figures which the ancients have left us.

* L'Antiquité expliquée. Moulfaucou tom. 3, part 2, p. 271.

† See Athenæus lib. v. pp. 196, 203.

‡ L'Antiquités d'Herculanum, vol 4, plate 45; published in Rome, in 1793.

Insects.—Nor was the attention of the ancients exclusively confined to the representation of a few beetles, principally the *Ateuchus sacer* and *impius*. On the contrary, they attended to a great variety of kinds, and to nearly all the orders. So it was with the crustaceans. The ancient mosaics, as well as the paintings found in Pompeii, and Herculaneum, include a great number.

Shells.—With regard to these, they appear to have neglected the greater part: in fact, with the exception of the fretted *helix* and the *buccinum*, (Triton *nodiferum*,) which they have often applied to the mouth of their Tritons, and Naiads, and other sea divinities, shells are but rarely represented upon the antiques. The Articulata, however, appear to have attracted much of their notice.

This review will be sufficient to prove, with what minute attention the ancients studied the various productions of nature, inasmuch as they have left us such faithful representations of them. Before many of their monuments, the naturalist and antiquary must stand astonished, and render homage to the genius of the ancients, which led them to throw as much beauty as accuracy into their works.

The Gatherer.

The Mastodon in Texas.—This remarkable fossil quadruped, it appears, existed also in Texas, as well as in almost every latitude of the United States, south of 45 deg. A late Texas paper says, General Demys has succeeded in disinterring nearly all the bones of the mastodon, found two miles below Bastrop, near the Colorado.

Wisdom cannot be obtained without industry and labour. Can we hope to find gold upon the surface of the earth, when we dig almost to the centre of it to find lead, and tin, and the baser metals?

Validea, Constantinople.—The Validea, so called from Valide its foundress, wife of Ibrahim, and mother of Mahomet IV., is situated on the port near the Seraglio. The inside, (says Tournefort,) is lined with fine Dutchware, but its colonnade is of marble, with chapters after the Turkish fashion: most of the columns were fetched from the ruins of Troy. Its lamps, branched candlesticks, ivory balls, and crystal globes, are very ornamental. The whole work seems more delicate than the other mosques, and has nothing Gothic, though much in the Turkish taste. The arches over the doors and windows are well designed; its two minarets have each three handsome galleries.

W. G. C.

Prince Albert has been elected an honorary member of the Royal Society of Literature.

If a man be gracious and civil to a stranger, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them.

A gentleman who was accustomed to take his regular exercise on horseback, and whose chief drink was asses' milk, was asked by an invalid friend, to whom a doctor was daily administering pills and draughts, "how he contrived to keep always in such excellent health, and what medical man he employed?" To which the other gravely replied, "My physician is a horse, and my apothecary is an ass."—*Berbsce Advertiser.*

Commercial Economy.—A writer in the *New York Spirit of the Times* calls the ceremony of young ladies kissing each other, "a dreadful waste of the raw material."

In taking revenge, a man is but equal with his enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior.

The Italians have a good proverb, "*Tante buon che vai niente*;" so good that he is good for nothing.

A barrister observed to a learned brother in court, that he thought his whiskers very unprofessional. "You are right," replied his friend, "a lawyer cannot be too barefaced."

The celebrated naturalist, Dr. Blumenbach, died at Gottingen on the 22d January. He was born at Gotha, in 1752.

It is rather a curious circumstance, that a great many of the songs of India abound with the praise of drunkenness. These cannot be of Hindoo origin, as the ancient Hindoos never drank either wine or spirits.

Albert Dürer has represented an angel, in a *flounced petticoat*, driving Adam and Eve out of Paradise.

Butler's Character of a Translator.—A translator dyes an author, like an old stuff, into a new colour, but can never give it the lustre of the first tincture: as silks that are twice dyed lose their glosses, and never receive a fair colour.

An Irish Schoolmaster's Notion of the Letter B.—That letter, next-door neighbour to A., is namesake to the little gentleman that sucks the flowers, fills the honey-pots, and carries a fine long sting in his tail: that is Mr. B.

Towcester Mint.—In the cabinet of Mr. J. H. Burn, of London, which is particularly rich in the number and variety of pennies struck during the reign of Henry the Third, is an unique piece, minted at Towcester. It is one of the long cross reverses, and has on the obverse, HENRICVS REX III. the king's head, a sceptre in the right hand; and on the reverse, NICOLE ON TOVC. In the same collection are several, struck at Northampton, by different moneyers.—Hitherto there was no trace of the existence of a mint at Towcester.—*Northampton Mercury.*

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